A Conſcionable Couple:

O R,

The valiant Reſolution of a Young-man and a Maid,
That have left all their Kindred, as true folks have ſaid:
'Twas for their Religion and good Conſcience ſake,
That they forſook England, a Voyage to take.
Theſe two loving Proteſtants kindly together,
Are gone to ſeek Fortunes, there's no man knows whither.

To a curious new Tune, Or, *The Faithful Friend.*

This doth make the world to wonder,
That thou and I muſt part aſunder;
Parting from thee ſore do grieve me,
O ſo loath I am to leave thee:
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll not leave thee,
O ſo loath I am to leave thee.

I love thee dear, yet dare not ſhow it,
Let not thy Friends nor Father know it,
The joyes and comforts late abounded;
Now is my heart with ſorrows wounded.
Parting from thee ſore doth grieve me,
O how loath I am to leave thee.

Thy amorous looks makes me admire,
And ſet my ſenſes all on fire:
I would forego all earthly treaſure,
To ſpend my time with thee in pleaſure:
But we muſt part, which ſore doth grieve me,
O how loath am I to leave thee.

Thou in mine eye art ſuch a creature,
The like was never fram'd by Nature:
Thy ſweet behaviour and thy carriage,
Loves Queen by no means can diſparage,
But we muſt part, which ſore doth grieve me,
O how loath am I to leave thee!

A Conſcionable Couple:

O R,

The valiant Reſolution of a Young-man and a Maid,
That have left all their Kindred, as true folks have ſaid:
'Twas for their Religion and good Conſcience ſake,
That they forſook England, a Voyage to take.
Theſe two loving Proteſtants kindly together,
Are gone to ſeek Fortunes, there's no man knows whither.

To a curious new Tune, Or, *The Faithful Friend.*

This doth make the world to wonder,
That thou and I muſt part aſunder;
Parting from thee ſore do grieve me,
O ſo loath I am to leave thee:
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll not leave thee,
O ſo loath I am to leave thee.

I love thee dear, yet dare not ſhow it,
Let not thy Friends nor Father know it,
The joyes and comforts late abounded;
Now is my heart with ſorrows wounded.
Parting from thee ſore doth grieve me,
O how loath I am to leave thee.

Thy amorous looks makes me admire,
And ſet my ſenſes all on fire:
I would forego all earthly treaſure,
To ſpend my time with thee in pleaſure:
But we muſt part, which ſore doth grieve me,
O how loath am I to leave thee.

Thou in mine eye art ſuch a creature,
The like was never fram'd by Nature:
Thy ſweet behaviour and thy carriage,
Loves Queen by no means can diſparage,
But we muſt part, which ſore doth grieve me,
O how loath am I to leave thee!

54

Cruel Fortune, I muſt curſe thee,
'Cauſe thy falſe deſigns doth force me;
Thus to go and leave my True-love,
Farewel, ten thouſands times adieu Love
We needs muſt part, that ſore doth grieve me,
O how loath I am to leave thee!

Mark theſe words which here are ſpoken,
This gold Ring keep for a token;
And when I am furtheſt from thee,
Prethee Sweet-heart think upon me,
Part we muſt, which ſore doth grieve me,
O how loath I am to leave thee!

'Tis long of England's ſtrange Diviſion
And the altering of Religion:
That I am expoſ'd to danger,
And to trow like a ſtranger;
This of all the reſt doth grieve me,
That I am inforced to leave thee.

My dear Love, when we are parted
I ſhall be ſo heavy-hearted,
That no joyes I ſhall recover,
Therefore as thou art my Lover,
Prethee Sweet-heart take me to thee,
Say but the word, and I'll go with thee.

Let Father frown, and Mother chide me,
I'le go with thee whatſoever betide me;
If it were through fire and water,
Lead the way I'le follow after:
I prethee Sweet-heart take me to thee,
Say but the word, and I'll go with thee.

If to the Seas thou make thy venter,
I in the Ship will alſo enter:
Or if thou on the Shore wilt tarry,
I the ſelf ſame mind do carry,
So thou vouchſafe to take me to thee,
Speak but the word, and I'll go with thee.

Or if thou wilt be a Souldier,
Place a Muſket on my ſhoulder:
Put me on ſome mans apparel,
I will ſtately fight thy quarrel;
I fear not what man can do to me,
Speak but the word and I'll go with thee.

Neither Sword nor Perſecution
Shall break off my Reſolution:
Though all the world forſake thee
For my Comrade I will take thee;
If thou wilt but take me to thee,
Speak the word, and I'll go with thee.

Farewel Father, farewel Mother,
Farewel Siſter, farewel Brother,
Farewel Friends, and farewel Kindred,
I from my Love will not be hindred;
Now prethee Sweet-heart take me to thee
Hap well or woe, I'll now go with thee.

Since thou ſtand'ſt firm to th'old Religion
My Soul am of the ſame condition;
England we'll leave, and march together,
No earthly creature ſhall know whither;
Conſcience moves me to come to thee,
Thou haſt ſpoke Love, I'll go with thee.

London, Printed for *F. Coles T. Vere, J. Wright,* and *J. Clark.* Finis.